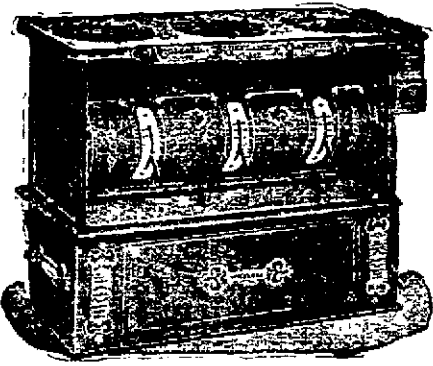


The Automatic Wickless, Blueflame Oilstove

Burns Kerosene—Blueflame hotter than tophet, and NO DANGER. Complete Cabinet form insures a Double Concentration of Heat at the Burning Point, and protects against draughts.

The Test is in the Using and This Stove Stands the Test



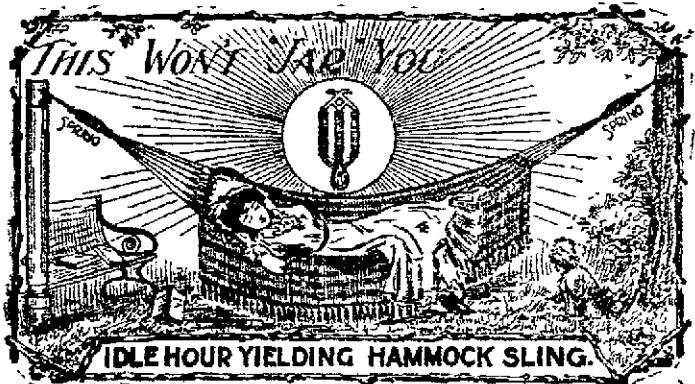
Cooks Instantly Bakes Perfectly Boils Thoroughly This Stove is no experiment The prices are right

See it in Operation at the Store of

John P. Sweetser, Portsmouth, N. H.

HAMMOCKS

From 75 Cents to \$4.00 Each.



P. WENDELL & CO.
2 MARKET SQUARE.

REAL ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

IN THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

Frederic the Great is the hero of Mr. son Barrett's new play, The Christian King.

German translation of Mr. Wilson's Sign of the Cross will be produced at the Vienna Stadt theatre in the autumn.

It is stated that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's dramatization of his Jungle tales will be produced at Christmas simultaneously in London and New York.

copyright performance has been in London of The Huguenot, a romantic comedy in four acts, Max Pemberton and James McArthur.

a consequence of his success at Court Garden Saturday night, when he made his debut, says a London dispatch, the Italian tenor De Marchi has engaged by Maurice Grau for the coming opera season in the United States.

The Strollers, Francis Wilson's new musical comedy, was produced for the first time at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York, Monday night. It is said to contain plenty of action, catchy music, pretty girls and bright costumes, and is about as distinctly hot weather as it can be.

Harbor closes the season at Rye, Wis., next Saturday. Mr. George Edwards, in the role which Mr. rno was compelled to relinquish, has a distinction of a high character, by critics comparing his rendition of part with that of the late famous artist, and not to Mr. Woodward's dis- dition.

Miss Elsie Leslie is to play Glory Quayle to Mr. E. J. Morgan's John Storm in a special production of The Christian next season. Miss Leslie won her way to fame at a very early age, being the original little Lord Fauntleroy, and afterward appearing with distinction in The Prince and the Pauper. For the past three or four seasons she has played continuously with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, filling important roles in the Jefferson repertoire.

A BLISTERING DAY.

Wednesday was indeed a roaster. The morning started in fair and pleasant, but by noon the mercury had reached a point where it bubbled away in great style. Thermometers about town registered in the upper part of the nineties and many of them threatened to crawl over the hundred mark. Crowds flocked to the beaches, and every car on the Rye and York lines was loaded with suffering humanity, all trying to seek some cool spot. At the beaches, however, it was almost as warm as here in the city, the heat on the sand and water being nearly unbearable. Wherever the sun reached at all, it was impossible to enjoy one's self.

COMING LAWN PARTY.

The board of managers of the Home for Aged Women are planning for a lawn party in front of the home on Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 24th. In the afternoon there will be music by local vocalists and instrumentalists and in the evening a hand concert. There will be a sale of home cakes and candies, iced cream and lemonade.

HEAVY RAINFALL.

Storm Swept Over Pittsburg And Vicinity.

Lightning And Thunder Were Continuous For A Half Hour.

The West Virginia Coal Fields Suffer From A Cloudburst.

PITTSBURG, June 26.—The storm which swept over this city and vicinity late this afternoon was short in duration, but terrific in its power and disastrous in its results. The lightning and thunder were practically continuous for thirty minutes and the wind attained a velocity of thirty miles an hour. Rain to the amount of .48 inches fell. For two minutes of the time the rainfall was .15, representing a total of three inches an hour. One woman was killed by lightning and several other persons may die from the same cause. Houses and churches were struck.

Devastated The Valley.

CUMBERLAND, Md., June 26.—A serious cloudburst last night devastated the New Creek valley, south of Key stone. The river rose two feet in a half hour. Numerous farm buildings were destroyed and carcasses of live stock are seen everywhere.

Pocahontas Suffers Again

ROANOKE, W. Va., June 26.—Intelligence was received here late this evening of another storm that has swept over the West Virginia coal fields. Pocahontas has suffered from it more than from last Saturday's storm. All rail road repairs are threatened.

A Cloudburst.

BLUEFIELDS, W. Va., June 26.—A railroad telegraph operator has just learned from Pocahontas, twelve miles from here, that there has been a great cloudburst there, and that the water is three feet deep in the railroad yard and is washing away property.

CAUGHT IN MOLTEN METAL.

CHICAGO, June 26.—Caught in streams of molten metal which poured into the cupola room of the foundry building of the American Car and Foundry Co., this afternoon, seven workmen were frightfully burned, three of them fatally. The explosion of a dynamite cart ridge which had been placed in the cupola, amongst a lot of scrap iron, caused the disaster. When the cart ridge became heated, it exploded, burst into the walls of the cupola room. Not one of the workmen escaped the red hot metal that came in.

MORGAN IS GENEROUS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 26.—President Eliot announced at the dinner of the Harvard alumni this afternoon that J. Pierpont Morgan has pledged over one million dollars for the erection of three of the five buildings for the Harvard Medical school, on land now held in trust for the university, on Huntington avenue, in Boston. The buildings are designed for the prosecution of applied biological research.

NAVAL VESSELS' MOVEMENTS.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The Alvarado arrived at the Norfolk navy yard yesterday. The Yankton has sailed from Gibara for San Juan. The Dolphin is at New London, the Brutus at Suez and the Marietta at Colombo. The Vixen has left Gibara for Hampton Roads. The New Orleans is at Chee Foo. The mail address of the North Atlantic squadron after June 28th will be Wood's Hole, Mass.

FUND ALL PLEDGED.

NEW HAVEN, June 26.—At the Yale alumni dinner this afternoon, it was announced that the two million dollars fixed for the tricentennial fund has been all pledged, the principal new contributors being Frederick Vanderbilt and James J. Hill of New York and Matthew C. P. Borden of Fall River,

BASE BALL.

The following was the result of the base ball games played yesterday:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Philadelphia-Chicago, wet grounds. Boston 2, St. Louis 3; at Boston. New York 6, Cincinnati 2; at New York. Brooklyn 16, Pittsburg 3; at Brooklyn.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Baltimore-Boston, no game, as the Bostons failed to show up. Washington 5, Athletics 4; at Washington. Cleveland 4, Milwaukee 9; at Cleveland.

EASTERN LEAGUE

Toronto 9, Providence 4; at Toronto. Montreal 0, Syracuse 8; at Montreal. Rochester 3, Hartford 2; at Rochester.

NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE

Portland 14, Nashua 5; at Portland. Bangor 15, Lowell 5; at Bangor. Augusta 4, Manchester 5; at Augusta. Lewiston 0, Haverhill 4; at Lewiston.

SUMMER HOTEL BURNED.

MARSHFIELD, MASS., June 26.—The Humarock, a summer hotel as large as any on the south shore, was burned this afternoon, together with the out buildings, such as bath houses, bowling alley (30x100 feet) and a house with one hundred tons of ice. The owner, Fred Merrill of Avon, estimates his direct loss at \$30,000. There is an insurance of \$17,500. As Mr. Merrill had just renovated the hotel and had booked a large number of guests, several of whom were already settled in their rooms, his indirect loss will be quite heavy.

NO LOSS OF LIFE.

St. John's, N. F., June 26.—The latest reports from the wrecked steamship Lucania say that there was no loss of life. All the passengers succeeded in escaping, although several of them were injured. The missing boat load landed safely. The Lucania was badly forced upon the rocks, lifted to one side and is half full of water.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—Forecast for New England: Fair and continued warm Thursday, higher temperature in the extreme eastern portions, light to fresh south winds; Friday fair.

ONE MAN KILLED.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., June 26.—In a collision on Hall street this afternoon, between a trolley car and a horse cart, one man was killed and four others were injured.

YALE FRESHMEN WON.

NEW LONDON, CONN., June 26.—The Yale freshmen four oared crew won from the Harvard freshmen tonight, by one and three quarters boat lengths.

WILL PLAY AT HAMPTON.

The Portsmouth base ball team, under the management of Frank Woods, will play two games on the Fourth of July, at Hampton Beach with the Exeter Clippers. The Portsmouth team will be practically identical in make-up with the team which defeated the Clippers so decisively on Memorial day, and Manager Woods is confident that the locals will win both games on the Fourth.

WILBUR-BUTLER.

The marriage of Miss Helen Butler, daughter of the late Maj. George Butler, U. S. M. C., and Herman Wilbur both of Greenland, took place Tuesday noon at the home of the groom at Greenland, the Rev. Dr. Robie, the venerable pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur will, after a short wedding tour, reside in Greenland. The groom is a well-known baseball player and a carpenter employed by Anderson & Junken of this city, while the bride is a graduate of the State Normal school.

Field strawberries were never more plentiful and the luscious little berries are being picked in large quantities in the green fields.

Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heart burn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

Held by all druggists. 25 cents.

EXETER'S OLDEST INHABITANT

Mrs. Susan Bickford is 96, and Has a Number of Relatives in Portsmouth.

Mrs. Susan H. Bickford, who is Exeter's oldest inhabitant and who has a number of relatives in Portsmouth, on Tuesday was 96 years of age and is possessed of a vigor of mind and body remarkable for one so old. Her sight and hearing are almost unimpaired, and she reads much. She is slightly lame, but her general health is good. The anniversary passed without formal celebration.

Mrs. Bickford was born in Hampton Falls, the daughter of Joseph and Susan Holman Brown. Her only sister was married to the late Harvey D. Parker of Boston hotel fame, and a young kinswoman is Miss Alice Brown, the novelist. Mrs. Bickford's husband, William Bickford, died many years ago, and she has outlived all her children except one daughter, Mrs. Julia P. Constantine, who lives with her.

Mrs. Bickford's home is an old gambrel roof house, built in or about 1737, and probably the finest specimen of colonial architecture in Exeter. It has had an interesting history. It was built for and was long the residence of Maj. John Gilman, who was at the capitulation of Fort William Henry and was one of the few who escaped massacre or captivity. In his escape he lost his personal effects, suffered many hardships and to avoid the Indians had to swim the Hudson three times. Maj. Gilman had twelve children, his oldest daughter being the wife of Thomas Odiorne, who finally came into possession of the house and gave it the name it still bears.

Maj. Gilman owned many slaves, one of whom had three sons, Thomas, Benjamin and Nathaniel Paul, who became Baptist ministers at Boston, New York and Albany respectively.

In the early thirties Mrs. Bickford's house narrowly escaped being the scene of a double tragedy. Charles G. Tash, a colored man, the son of a revolutionary soldier, became enamored of Sally Moore, a white woman, and member of the Odiorne household. He wished her to marry him, but her friends would not consent, and he brooded over the matter until insanity resulted. After a call one evening he shot Miss Moore with a pistol and with another shot himself. Both recovered, and upon trial, Tash was acquitted on the grounds of insanity.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WARDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CHAT ABOUT SPORTS.

Designer Crowninshield has been given full charge of the yacht Independence.

The Canadians had things all their own way in the canoe races at Buffalo, on Tuesday.

Wendell, the left fielder, has been elected captain of the Harvard varsity nine for 1902.

Pitcher Kellum has been released for the second time by the Boston American league team.

Lowell's crack team, made up of players from the big leagues, is in seventh place in the New England league standing.

It is feared that the Augusta team will be obliged to drop out of the New England league. All the other clubs are making money.

It is said that the base ball teams of this section intend to boycott East Rochester, owing to the ungentlemanly treatment accorded visiting teams, in that town.

Richard Croker's horse, Sweet Dixie, ridden by Johnny Reiff, won the great Gatwick selling handicap race, at the Gatwick track, England, on Tuesday. Americans, another Croker horse, with Lester Reiff on his back, took second in the Minor walter plate race.

Old Sol is making hay.

BOSTON DRY DOCK.

Why Its Construction Has Been So Long Delayed.

The report of the board which investigated the delay in constructing the new stone dry dock at Boston has been given out by the navy department. The report of the board states that the work is practically one working season behind. In one instance the delay has been accidental, but in all others the board states that it is the result of faulty construction on the part of the contractors or of a disregard of the plainly expressed warning of the agent of the government as to the manner in which the work was being carried on.

There is said to be a lack of material on hand, there being at present but one week's supply of cement in the yard, and the board estimates a loss of fifty-two per cent, in the useful capacity of the concrete mixture.

The board says it will be impossible to complete the dock at the time specified in the contract, Dec. 1st next, and states that there would be a unanimous recommendation for a forfeiture of the contract, if it was not for the loss of time which would ensue.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Nezinscott is being painted.

Several new clerks will shortly report for duty at this yard.

Captain Fletcher, U. S. N., of the Eagle, will soon be detached.

Orders have been received to build several large lots of coopers.

The office of the board of labor will soon be moved into the new office constructed in the muster room.

The work of removing the big ship house adjoining the new electric light plant will commence next month.

The yard force of mechanics is steadily increasing and the number employed at present is the largest in years.

The stand pipe has begun to assume a business like appearance and when completed will be a landmark for mariners making this harbor.

Draughtsman Haymaker of construction and repair has received orders transferring him to Washington and will move his family to the national capital.

During the recent thunder storms the electric light plant was shut down owing to not being fitted with lightning arresters, making it exceedingly dangerous for the men to attempt to keep the current on. Lightning arresters have been ordered and the plant will then be one of the best equipped in New England.

BANNER YEAR FOR PATENTS.

According to the forthcoming report of the chief of the division of issue and gazette, patent office, at Washington, the number of patents granted and designs, trademarks, labels and prints registered in 1901 was larger than in any year in the history of the patent office. The number of patents granted during the fiscal year ending June 30 was 25,593, against 24,660 granted in 1900, 23,296 in 1899 and 20,404 in 1898. In 1836, when the present series of numbers of letter patent commenced there were but 103 patents issued. The thousand mark was passed in 1854, when the number of patents issued was 1,579.

SEVEN YEARS IN BED.

"Will wonders ever cease?" inquire the friends of Mrs. S. Pease, of Lawrence, Kan. They know she had been unable to leave her bed in seven years on account of kidney and liver trouble, nervous prostration and general debility; but "Three bottles of Electric Bitters enabled me to walk," she writes, "and in three months I felt like a new person." "Women suffering from Headache, Backache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizziness will find it a priceless blessing. Try it. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only 50c at Globe Grocery Co.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, June 27—Tug Pescaqua, Boston, towing barge Dover, light for Eliot and barge New Market, light, for York; schooners Emco (British) St. George for Plymouth, with lumber; Tona Tunnell, Philadelphia, coal for local dealers; Mopang, Mt. Desert for New York with stone; Herman F. Kimball, New York for Exeter, with coal; tug H. A. Mathes, York, towing barge P. N. Co. No. 9, for Boston, with brick; the latter sailed today.

The Universalist Sunday school had a picnic at Jenness beach on Wednesday, two trolley cars accommodating the party.

You Can Cure It.

A New Cure for Catarrh in Table Form

The old time treatment for catarrh was in the form of douches or sprays; later on, internal remedies were given with greater success, but being in liquid or powdered form were inconvenient and were open to the same objection to all liquid remedies, that is, that they lose whatever medicinal power they may have had on exposure to the air.

The tablet is the ideal form in which to administer medication, but until recently no successful catarrh tablet had ever been attempted.

At this writing, however, a most excellent and palatable remedy for catarrh has been placed before the public and sold by druggists, called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, composed of the most recent discoveries in medicines for the cure of catarrh, and results from their use have been highly gratifying.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain principally highly concentrated antiseptics, which kill the catarrh germs in the blood and mucous membranes, and in this respect are strictly scientific and modern, as it has been known for some years past by the ablest physicians that the most successful catarrh treatment was by inhaling or spraying antiseptics.

The use of inhalers, douches and sprays, however, is a nuisance and inconvenience, and moreover can in no wise compare with the same remedies given in tablet form, either in efficacy or convenience.



A clerk in a prominent insurance office in Pittsburg relates his experience with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in a few words but to the point. He says: "Catarrh has been almost constantly with me for eight years; in this climate it seems impossible to get rid of it. I awoke every morning stuffed up and for the first half hour it was cough, gag, expectorate and sneeze before I could square myself for my day's work; no appetite, and a foul breath which annoyed me exceedingly."

"I used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for two months and found them not only pleasant to take but they did the business, and I can sincerely recommend them to all catarrh sufferers."

Druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full sized package. They can be carried in the vest pocket and used at any time and as often as necessary. Guaranteed free from cocaine, mercury or any mineral poison; absolutely safe.

NAVAL ORDERS.

These naval orders have been issued: Passed Assistant Surgeon E. M. Shipp, from the Michigan to Asiatic station. Passed Assistant Surgeon W. B. Grove, from the Norfolk hospital to the Michigan. Assistant Surgeon G. C. Smith, from the Vermont to temporary duty on the Alvarado. Assistant Surgeon E. M. Tolke, to the Vermont.

REGISTERED IN NEWBURYPORT.

At the city hall in Newburyport during the celebration, a book was kept where visitors registered. The following well known Portsmouth people put their names on the pages: Mrs. G. B. Chadwick, Mrs. Henry Paul, Miss Elsie Paul, Miss Carrie M. Hickey, Miss Emma F. Donnell, John J. Lusk, Mr. Charles William Andrews, Robert E. Rich.

BALL GAME SATURDAY.

The Dover Point ball team and the Marmos will play a game of ball at the navy yard grounds on Saturday afternoon. The Dover nine will be composed of some good players and an exciting game is promised.

Old India Pale Ale
Homestead Ale
Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

THE FRANK JONES Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask your Dealer for them.

BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

U. S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

GOVERNMENT BOAT.
 FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8 20, 8 40, 9 15, 10 00, 10 30, 11 45 a. m., 1 35, 2 00, 3 00, 4 00, 5 00, 5 45, 7 45 p. m. Sundays, 10 00, 10 15 a. m., 12 15, 12 35 p. m. Holidays, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8 30, 8 50, 9 20, 10 15, 11 00 a. m., 12 15, 1 45, 2 15, 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 00, *10 00 p. m. Sundays, 10 07, a. m., 12 05, 12 25, 12 45 p. m. Holidays, 10 00, 11 00 a. m., 12 00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays

The Famous HOTEL WHITTIER,

Open the Entire Year.

Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.

If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.

OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,

HAMPTON BEACH,

Where you get the famous FISH DINNERS.

Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.

JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor

HIS CHANGE OF EXPRESSION.



1. She—This man's ice cream is simply vile, but—



2. —there's a place in the next block where it's delicious.

EVANS WILL NOT RESIGN

Pension Commissioner Unmoved by Attacks on Him.

RE SOORES GENERAL SICKLES.

Produces Letters From the New York Veterans Commanding His Administration—Consults With President Before Issuing Statement to Public.

Washington, June 26.—Commissioner of Pensions H. Clay Evans declines to resign.

He issued last night an official statement strongly criticizing General Daniel E. Sickles of New York and questioning the statement by the latter and "Colonel" Tanner that during the last campaign the Republican national committee wrote a letter to General Sickles promising that in the event of President McKinley's re-election Evans would not be reappointed.

After consultation with personal and political friends, including the president, Mr. Evans authorized this statement:

"I know nothing of Major General Daniel E. Sickles' contract with the national committee never heard of it until he denied it Sunday, reconsidered it Monday and admitted it Tuesday.

"I know nothing of General Sickles' object in attacking me on the administration of the pension bureau. I am con-

vinced of a position of trust, and I have constantly refrained from replying to any such attacks, but it seems in justice to those associated with me that I should not remain silent.

"I had served in my present position over two years when General Sickles wrote me this unsolicited letter:

Commented by General Sickles.

"I am surprised and pained to see the attitude toward you taken up by some of the Grand Army organizations. Your administration of your office seems to me worthy of the highest commendation, above all from the veteran soldiers. If you think any expression from me to the president would be useful to you, I will cheerfully communicate with him."

"I wrote to the general on May 29, 1899, thanking him for his kindly expressions, and in return he wrote me the following letter:

"I have carefully read the inclosure in your recent letter, and I am not surprised to see its ample, clear and convincing statements, showing the admirable administration of your office. I have written an earnest letter to the president, in which I have expressed the utmost confidence in you and the same measure of contempt for your critics."

"I have others from the general equally as strong in commendation of my administration of the bureau.

"Thereafter the committee of the national G. A. R. on pensions visited Washington in their official capacity. The commander in chief accompanied the committee. They were invited to investigate the workings of the bureau, and the report of their investigation to the national encampment was that the commissioner could ask for:

"The same commissioner, the same deputies, the same officials, the same 1,700 employees, with few exceptions, and the same practice prevail in the bureau now that were in force when General Sickles extended his approval of my administration."

Stickers Will Not Yield.

WILkes-Barre, Pa., June 26.—The strikers of the Ashley car shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey held a meeting and renewed their pledge to remain out until their demands were granted. A committee of two was present from Reading representing the strikers in that city. What the mission of this committee was could not be learned. General Superintendent Thom as denies the statement made by the strikers that the company issued an ultimatum to them to return to work yesterday under penalty of losing their places.

Lone Wolf's Appeal Denied.

Washington, June 26.—The court of appeals has denied the motion of Lone Wolf and other Kiowa and Comanche Indians for a special appeal from the decision of Judge Bradley, refusing an injunction against the secretary of the Interior and other officials to prevent the opening of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache lands in Oklahoma. Assistant Attorney General Vandewater argued for the government and ex Congressman W. M. Springer for the Indians. The court held that the case did not justify a special appeal.

Navy Yard Dock Completed.

Washington, June 26.—The navy department is informed that drydock No. 2 of the New York navy yard has been completed by the floating out of the keelson. This makes available a fine dock 600 feet long, which has been entirely overhauled and changed from wood to stone.

BAD FIRE IN CHICAGO.

College of Physicians and Surgeons Destroyed.

Chicago, June 26.—During a heavy thunderstorm a lot of lightning struck the College of Physicians and Surgeons, on Harrison street, between Wood and Monroe streets. The fire which followed the lightning in a short time destroyed the college building, which was one of the finest of its kind in the west.

The lightning struck the college square on the top of a tall projection in the front part of the roof, and a tremendous crash of thunder accompanied the flash. All the people in the neighborhood thought that an explosion had taken place in the college. Almost before the first fire engines had arrived the flames had spread all through the five stories of the building. Adjoining the college is the smaller building of the West Side hospital, which was filled with patients, about 100 being in the various wards.

As soon as it was seen that the college could not be saved and that its walls were liable to fall at any time the work of removing the patients from the hospital began. The rain was pouring heavily at the time, but fortunately there are so many hospitals and medical institutions in the neighborhood that it was necessary to remove the patients only a short distance, most of them being taken to the county hospital, one square distant. None of the hospital patients was injured.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons is the medical department of the University of Illinois, situated at Champaign, Ills. The loss on the building and equipment is practically total and will approximate \$200,000.

Harvard Is Champion.

New Haven, June 26.—Yale men are disappointed, for the Yale baseball nine has lost both championship series to Harvard and Princeton, and the team is at the bottom of the list, with only one game won, that from the Tigers in the series of five. The sons of Eli were powerless against Clarkson, a brother of John Clarkson, the famous professional pitcher, and one little insignificant base hit was all that they made. Not a run was scored, and the enthusiastic Harvard men howled themselves into a condition of semidivinity over the success of their nine. Six thousand spectators saw the game, among them the classes of 1881, 1891, 1893 and 1898, and although they shouted and cheered and urged the bands that accompanied them to redoubled effort Yale never approached any thing like a run. Clarkson struck out 11 men, and his support was perfect. Robertson pitched a good game, but the weak hitting of the team behind him was too much of a handicap, and Harvard won the championship with three runs.

Hot In Pittsburgh.

Pittsburg, June 26.—Yesterday was the record heat day of the year, the thermometer hovering around 92 degrees from early morning until nightfall. Edward Calloway, aged 20 years, died from the effects of the extreme heat, and among the many prostrations reported James Owens of Bradlock, Charles Tomberly and Proctor Gray of Hazleton, Pa., are considered by the physicians as being serious cases. Between 75 and 100 men were driven from Homestead steel works by the heat, and the National Tube works at McKeesport in several departments had to suspend work. Many other plants will have to close down if the hot spell is not broken.

Heat Prostrations in Chicago.

Chicago, June 26.—Yesterday, the third day of sweltering heat, resulted in 2 deaths and 18 prostrations. The thermometer reached 94 degrees, and the heat, being accompanied by great humidity, caused intense suffering.

How to Tell the Genuine.

The signature of E. W. Grove appears on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine.

Weather Forecast.

Fair and continued warm; variable winds.

DAMAGES.

Loading Lally.—What makes you look so stuck up for day?

Sally.—No mudder wuz struck wid a trolley car dis mornin'.

Boers Flog Paul Boitat

Cape Town, June 26.—A dispatch to the Argus from Alwal North states that the Boers there have administered a flogging to Paul Boitat, the ex-member of the Cape assembly, who voted in favor of the treason bill at the last session.

Constitution Shows Good Form.

Newport, R. I., June 26.—The Constitution was away from her anchor for five hours yesterday, during which time she had one of the best trial runs in her short career afloat. The morning was spent in the bay where only light airs filled her sails, yet she went through the water with remarkable headway, showing her ability to feel even a breath of air. Nat Herreshoff was on board for a time, but did not remain in the afternoon when the sloop went outside looking for more air and, finding it, cruised about while the crew had exercise in taking in and setting sail.

General Lee's Daughter Married.

New York, June 26.—In the Church of the Transfiguration, in East Twenty-ninth street, at noon Miss Ellen Lee, daughter of Brigadier General and Mrs. Fitz-Hugh Lee, was married to First Lieutenant James Cooper Rhea of the Seventh cavalry, U. S. A., now stationed in Cuba. There were only the relatives of the bride and a few of the intimate friends of her family asked to witness the ceremony and attend the wedding breakfast which followed at the Fifth Avenue hotel.

French Paupers.

In France the pauper institutions are supported by means of a 10 per cent tax imposed on all theater tickets sold in the large cities.

A Curious Cave.

There is a cave on the Jorend fiord, Norway, from which at every change of weather flashes of lightning issue.

MR. YERKES' CAPITAL READY.

Five Millions to Fit London's Underground With Electricity.

London, June 26.—A parliamentary committee discussed the bill to authorize the introduction of electricity as the motive power of the Metropolitan District railway by arrangement with the new company being formed by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes.

It was announced before the committee that \$5,000,000 of the \$5,000,000 capital of the new company had already been subscribed and that Mr. Yerkes and his friends were ready to subscribe the remaining \$2,000,000. It also transpired that some difficulty had arisen between the Metropolitan railway and the metropolitan district companies in the matter of reaching an agreement by which all should work together.

The London county council decided to spend more than \$10,000,000 on new electric traction routes in various parts of London and on the necessary widening of streets required by the new enterprises.

Saltbury's Majority Reduced.

London, June 26.—During the debate in the house of commons last night on the coal tax the government's majority was reduced to 28, as many government supporters again abstained from taking part in the division, and this in spite of the vigorous efforts lately made by the whips to keep them in hand. The chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, explained that the concession of exemption from the tax of all coal exported up to the end of next December was allowed upon proof that the shipments were made under contracts consummated before the tax in question was announced. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach further announced that all coal valued at less than 6 shillings per ton would be exempted from duty.

Ohio Convention Adjourns.

Columbus, O., June 26.—The Republican state convention yesterday nominated the following ticket: Governor, George K. Nash; lieutenant governor, Carl L. Nippert; supreme judge, J. L. Price; attorney general, John M. Sheets; clerk of the supreme court, Lawson E. Emerson; state treasurer, Isaac B. Cameron; member board of public works, W. G. Johnson. The convention was in session from 10:10 a. m. to 1:10 p. m., breaking the Ohio record by completing its work in three hours. The intense heat was prostrating, and Chairman Hanna not only cut short his own speech, but also those of others, and then dispatched business with the utmost speed.

Stones Appointments Confirmed.

Harrisburg, June 26.—Governor Stone's appointments made before the legislature assembled have been confirmed, though there was opposition to some of those appointed. There has been much curiosity regarding the action the senate would take on the appointments, the opinion being expressed by some that one or more nominations would fall of the necessary two-thirds vote. The principal assets were made against General Frank Reeder, chairman of the Republican state committee, who had been appointed commissioner of banking.

Three Killed at Artillery Practice.

London, June 26.—During artillery practice on the Isle of Wight the breach of a 12 pound rifle blew out, killing Captain A. LeM. Bray of the Royal regiment of artillery and one enlisted man and wounding eight other men, three of whom will die. Colonel A. J. Nixon of the same regiment was also slightly wounded by the explosion.

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Mr. Bryan in Watertown.

Watertown, N. Y., June 26.—William J. Bryan arrived in this city at noon yesterday. He was met by a large crowd and given an enthusiastic reception. In the afternoon he addressed a large audience at the state armory on the subject "Civilization." In the evening he lectured again on "The Conquering Nation."

Boers Flog Paul Boitat

Cape Town, June 26.—A dispatch to the Argus from Alwal North states that the Boers there have administered a flogging to Paul Boitat, the ex-member of the Cape assembly, who voted in favor of the treason bill at the last session.

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General Lee's Daughter Married.

New York, June 26.—In the Church of the Transfiguration, in East Twenty-ninth street, at noon Miss Ellen Lee, daughter of Brigadier General and Mrs. Fitz-Hugh Lee, was married to First Lieutenant James Cooper Rhea of the Seventh cavalry, U. S. A., now stationed in Cuba. There were only the relatives of the bride and a few of the intimate friends of her family asked to witness the ceremony and attend the wedding breakfast which followed at the Fifth Avenue hotel.

French Paupers.

In France the pauper institutions are supported by means of a 10 per cent tax imposed on all theater tickets sold in the large cities.

A Curious Cave.

There is a cave on the Jorend fiord, Norway, from which at every change of weather flashes of lightning issue.

PASSENGER TRAIN WRECKED

Reported That Fifteen Persons Were Killed.

Indianapolis, June 26.—A special to The Sentinel from Peru, Ind., at 2:30 this morning says:

"West bound passenger train No. 1 on the Wabash railway ran into a wash-out at Cass, 15 miles west of here, at 12:50 o'clock this morning, wrecking the engine and five cars. It is reported that 15 persons were killed.

"The train is due at Peru at 10:55, but left here one hour late in charge of Conductor Thornley.

"The train was running at high speed to make up lost time and while bearing Cass, a switch five miles east of Logansport, plunged through a trestle that had been swept away by a wash-out caused by the recent heavy rains.

"The engine was totally demolished, and the three passenger coaches and two baggage cars were derailed and overturned.

"Every doctor in Peru was summoned, and the relief party left here at midnight for the scene of the wreck. Details are meager, but it is rumored that Engineer Butler, Fireman Adams and at least a dozen passengers were killed and many more injured."

Famous Will Case Settled.

Cambridge, Mass., June 26.—The supreme court of Massachusetts in the will case of Frances B. Miller, the eccentric woman of wealth, late of Wilmington, has entered a decree allowing the probate of the testament made in 1900 and affirming the decree of the probate court in this case. The notice filed by the court says that the decree was entered as the result of the withdrawal of the appeal on the part of the appellant, Mrs. Lucy M. Hill of Georgetown, British Guiana, a daughter of Mrs. Miller; the second husband of the testator and Mrs. Mary A. Jeans of Bristol, England, a sister of Mrs. Miller, divide the bulk of the estate, which is estimated at about \$44,000. Yale university, the Baldwinville cottage hospitals and the Boston City hospital, who were contesting the will, receive nothing except attorneys' fees under the compromise.

To Recover Miners' Bodies.

Port Royal, Pa., June 26.—Interest has been revived at this place owing to a determined effort which is to be made by the company officials to get into the fatal pit and bring forth the bodies of the 13 men killed in the explosion two weeks ago. Work has been begun, the plan being to brattice the main shaft and divide the air supplied by the fan so that enough will be driven down one side of the new brattice and up the other side, making the turn at the face, to supply an exploring party with air until it has advanced little by little to where the bodies are. The party at work is composed of prominent officials of the company, who prefer to risk their own lives rather than ask workmen to take the hazard.

Annual Visit of Christian Scientists.

Concord, N. H., June 26.—The annual visit of Christian Scientists to this city, the home of the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, took place yesterday and caused unusual interest from the fact that the visitors were privileged to be received by Mrs. Eddy at her estate, Pleasant View. Fully 3,000 were taken to Pleasant View to await Mrs. Eddy's greeting, which was to be received at 2 o'clock. Promptly at this hour Mrs. Eddy appeared on the balcony and briefly expressed her joy at receiving so many of her followers at her home. The visitors returned to Boston by special train.

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THE ELKHORN DISASTER

Situation in Devastated Valley Greatly Improved.

TRAINS WILL SOON BE RUNNING.

Five Coal Companies Have Resumed Operations—Latest Estimate of Loss of Life is Fifty, Mostly Negro Miners and Families.

Bluefield, W. Va., June 26.—The situation in the Elkhorn valley is greatly improved. Yesterday was the first time that newspaper reporters were able to get into the heart of the flooded districts. General Manager L. E. Johnson was seen on his private car at North Fork Junction, where he is personally supervising the work, and he stated that the loss was much less than accounts heretofore given out. He says that if nothing unforeseen occurred his force of 3,000 men would have the road opened for traffic on a single track by tonight and that freight trains would be running in two or three days. This, of course, does not indicate that regular traffic will be the result, but coal came east over the road yesterday. Five concerns have resumed work. They are Mill Creek, Coalfield, Delta, Pocahontas Colliery company and Powhatan.

It is believed by Mr. Johnson that the road will be put in its normal condition within two weeks. Mr. Johnson says he will send local trains with supplies from Bluefield to Vivian today and relieve any suffering that may exist. This statement seems remarkable when the condition at Keystone is considered, with a half mile of track gone and the river filling the old track space for several hundred yards. The distance between Keystone and the point reached yesterday by local trains is 20 miles. This section is covered with debris and ruins, but only two bridges are gone. The whole line was inspected by an operator, who reported the conditions. General Boggs and Colonel Hudson of Governor White's staff visited the section yesterday. They went to Keystone to ascertain if the destitute needed help from the state. They were informed that Keystone would care for the destitute.

Many newspaper correspondents went into the center of the devastated district yesterday, and it was evident that the facts were not exaggerated so far as property loss is concerned.

From Ennis down the loss was the worst. Cars were wrenched to pieces and piled up in ruins. The track for several hundred yards was washed away, houses were overturned and many had been demolished. Tipples were damaged, and many coke ovens are ruined.

At Powhatan the railroad track suffered greatly.

Bridges Washed Away.

A North Fork Junction the double steel bridge was washed away, and the 60 pound rails of both tracks were snapped like threads. Thousands of tons of driftwood, remnants of houses, logs and trees were piled in ruin. The bodies of the six people drowned on North Fork are supposed to be imbedded in the debris. The two iron bridges between North Fork and Keystone were utterly ruined and the rails bent like hairpins. Four bodies laid with the coffin lids washed away and exposed to the gaze of the curious at this point. They had been buried on the river bank, but were washed out. President of the Board of Health Preston of Keystone viewed the remains, but it is said that no action has been taken to care for them.

Keystone, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, was torn to pieces. Thirty buildings were deluged and greatly damaged. The contents of many other houses were seriously damaged. The railroad bed was washed out to a depth of 25 feet. The loss at Keystone was immense. The huge drift west of the town cannot be described. It had a house with a tree driven into the door on its top. Many dead bodies are supposed to be confined in this immense pile of debris.

At Shawnee where the beautiful homes of the officers of the Shawnee coal company were located, with their splendid lawns and tennis courts, the river is now running. Vivian yard is a complete wreck.

Between Welch and Vivian all the bridges are damaged, and several of the most important are gone. The railroad bridge at Welch and another two miles west have been washed away.

The most conservative estimate obtainable places the loss of life at about 50, a greater part of whom are negro miners and their families.

Adelbert Hay's Funeral.

Cleveland, June 26.—The train bearing the body of Adelbert Hay, with Secretary Hay, Samuel Mather and a number of Adelbert Hay's former Robbery at W. C. Whitney's Farm.

New York, June 26.—Two detectives from the central office in Brooklyn visited the home of William C. Whitney, where the former secretary of the navy lives during the eastern racing season, in the center of a ten acre horse farm, at Avenue U and Old Mill road, Sheephead Bay, last night to investigate the report of a \$1,000 robbery. This report was made by a jockey named Rogers, but whether the theft of \$700 in jewelry and \$200 in money was committed in the quarters of the jockeys or in the home of Mr. Whitney, who is absent from there at present, was not stated.

classmates at Yale, reached here yesterday at noon. The casket was inclosed in an oak cabinet and covered with ivy and sunlax and floral decorations. The body was first taken to an undertaker's and subsequently removed to Lakeview cemetery, where at 4 o'clock there was a brief ceremony preparatory to placing the body in a vault.

Barker Case to Be Appealed.

Arlington, N. J., June 26.—Following a meeting of the friends of Barker it is announced that Barker will carry up the appeal from his conviction of assaulting Mr. Keller with intent to kill and that funds to meet the expenses of the process will be forthcoming. His friends decided to go ahead no matter what the sentence may be and make the appeal.

Fire at Little Falls, N. Y.

Little Falls, N. Y., June 26.—Fire has destroyed

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.
Terms: \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 5 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.
Communications should be addressed to
HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

F. W. HARTFORD,
B. M. TILTON,
Editors and Proprietors.

[Entered at the Post-office, N. H., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1901.

It feels a little evident that the dog star is pulling into the station ahead of time.

Blondin is still at large and the police are making life miserable for every unknown hound-dog man with a droop to his left eyelid.

Christian Science appeals loudly to those at ease in Zion.—Mother Eddy.

Especially to those who are at ease—what with royalties and fees—in Concord, N. H.—New York Sun.

Fifty per cent. commission on the sale of Mrs. Eddy's books ought to have made the Christian Scientists successful as book agents, whether successful or not as healers.

The Boston Herald has some poetry that will be read and appreciated, even by those who are not on other occasions fond of rhyming. The four lines mentioned are these:

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
With soda fountains—a million, more or less—
And countless rivers filled with lemonade."

We are forced to say a word of congratulation to the Newburyport newspapers for their accounts of the semi-centennial celebration in that city. To cover these events thoroughly and in a way to make the stories correct and readable is no joke to a newspaper man, as Portsmouth scribes have learned with suffering. Without exception, the papers of that city did creditable service and the occasion has been worthy of the efforts and devotion of the papers who have described the celebration.

Though the reports of loss of life in the West Virginia flood were exaggerated, it is probably no exaggeration to say that thousands of people are rendered homeless by the disasters, and that within a few days these people will have to be fed by public charity. The governor of West Virginia has appealed for aid. There will doubtless be a prompt and adequate response. It is hard to ascertain how many people are affected, but generous people will not await this information before sending in their contributions to the adjutant-general of West Virginia, at Charleston. A large amount is sure to be needed in any case.

The announcement that the navy department would probably refuse to further support or encourage the naval militia was no surprise, for the indifference apparently of this auxiliary organization has for some time been a matter of comment and if it feels that it has not been treated with proper consideration, the fault has been with itself. At the beginning of the year the navy department prepared a program which contemplated the taking of naval militia to sea in any one of the naval vessels. The cruise of each command was to last about two weeks, as has been the case in previous years, and was to be under the supervision of naval officers and with the aid of enlisted men of the navy. It was of course supposed that the navy militia would be greatly interested in such work and that they would be very glad of the opportunity afforded them to familiarize themselves with the duties which devolve upon the navy reserves. The navy department has, however, encountered so much indifference to the plans mapped out for the summer work that it has been decided to waste no more time with the naval brigades. It is likely that the estimates to congress next year will not include that of the sum of about \$60,000 which has been distributed among the various commands for their betterment.

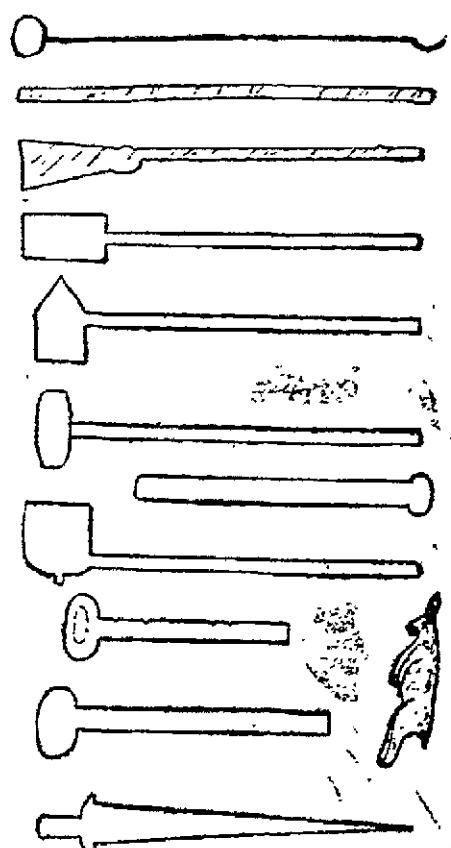
Vegetation is having a rapid growth. The hot sun and frequent showers are doing the work.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Game of Jackstraws.
Did you ever try to make jackstraws? If not, you have missed an amusement you would like.

First you must get some thin boards or a clear box and take it apart. With a sharp knife cut three boards into strips three inches long and half an inch wide. Then take a pencil and outline on these strips small figures as shown in the illustrations. Carve them out to suit your self.

After you have finished this pleasant work get a few hairpins and bend them



SOME SAMPLE JACKSTRAWS.

like first figure. These are the hooks with which to play the game. The game is to try and see who can get the most jackstraws out of the pile without moving the others. If in getting one out you move another, no matter how slight the movement is, you must put it back and let the next person have his turn. And so it goes on until the pile is exhausted, and the person having the most jackstraws wins the game.

Small Potatoes.

Some years ago a gentleman visiting a farmer in Lolland, Conn., took from his pocket a small potato which somehow had not been in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer, taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of 12 standing at his elbow asked him what it was. "Oh," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy. Take it and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are 21." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it. The boy, however, not despising little things, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall and planted in the spring, and so on, till the fourth year, when the actual product was 400 bushels. The farmer, seeing the prospect that the potato field would cover the whole farm by another year, asked to be released from his promise.—American Boy.

The Rats and the Oil.

Once there was an artist who could not think how it was that his oil lasted such a short time. He felt sure that he did not use it all, so he thought he would try to find out what became of it.

One day he saw a rat run across the floor to the jar which held the oil. He kept quite still, and in a short time the



BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS.

rat went and brought some of his friends. Then it stood up on its hind legs, with its forepaws against the jar. Another rat, and then another, and then another, and then there were four rats up the side of the jar. Then the top one dipped its tail in the oil, and the second one licked it dry. By changing places each of them had its mouth full of oil as it wanted. The artist did not like to frighten them away, but after that he kept his oil where the rats could not get to it.

Lost Boy.

A little boy, visiting his grandmother, crawled under a bed about 7 o'clock in the evening and went to sleep. Before morning the police all over the city had been instructed to look for him, his parents supposing him to be lost. What happened when he was found we have not been informed.

The Seed.

As wonderful things are hidden away
In the heart of a little brown seed
As ever were found in the fairy tale
Of which children sometimes read.

Over its pretty shining coat
We sprinkle the earth as we sow,
And the sunshine warms its lovely head,
And the rain comes dripping down.

Pat, pat, the soft, warm rain
Knocks at the tiny door,
And two little heads come peeping out,
Like a story in fairy lore.

A doubled song in its window:
A line should peep below:
"What has the sky over them?
They said 'Spring has come! Did you know?'"

Girl Life in France.

The programme of what a French girl may or may not do is drawn up very precisely," declares The Boston (Mime) Journal in "The Ladies' Home Journal." "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that a girl cannot go to a party or to a ball without a chaperon. She is entirely subject to her mother, and the matter of making a dress is left to her mother or mother-in-law. And if she wishes to see anything at the theatre except a classical and tragedy of an opera she will tell her mother that such a thing is not considered proper, feeling sure of her mother's submission. After she is 15 years old she is generally allowed to be in the drawing room on her mother's reception days, but must keep to the modest and secondary place assigned her—pouring the tea and presenting it, conversing to her orders, answering when spoken to, in short, undergoing her apprenticeship. She has but few jewels, and under no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things, nor does it give her the right, in general, to have a money allowance worth speaking of for her personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books, and a young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always allows the married lady the precedence, and she finds it quite natural to occupy the background."

The Crying Need of the Home.

What is the crying need of the home? Not money, not intellect, not refinement, not wisdom. It is love and warm demonstration of love.

Life is such a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father and mother is the saddest thing in all the universe. Most people love their children. Few fathers and mothers would own to a lack of affection for their offspring.

But in many homes—shall I say in the majority?—there is a lack of the heart living love and tenderness that fill the heart full to running over with love words, kisses, fond caresses. The good night kiss, the dear hand upon the little one's head and cheek—how these things expand the soul of the child and make it receptive to good influences!

To be a father or mother is to hold the keys of heaven and hell for the human race. The relation is a divine one, with infinite demands, and yet how often undertaken with no forethought, no sense of the awful responsibility! Wisdom, goodness, nobility, strength and patience are needed by the parent and, above all, love.—Mrs. G. M. Ogilvie in Woman's Home Companion.

Cold Creams.

In preparing creams or lotions it must be remembered that the formula should be followed exactly if certain results are expected.

Fats or oils should be melted over a slow fire by the least possible heat and in a double boiler preferably. The method as given of adding the other ingredients should be closely adhered to. Tinctures and extracts are invariably added at the last, when the mixture has slightly cooled, and drop by drop, or at least very slowly.

Glycerin, properly used, is an invaluable cosmetic. It whitens, softens and dissolves coloring matter when carefully combined with other agents, such as rose, cherry flower or orange water. It is very injurious used in concentrated form, as it burns, parches and yellows the skin.

Fats are the basis of all cold creams. Wax and spermaceti are often added to give requisite firmness, but possess no intrinsic value. They are inclined to clog the pores. Perfumes, aside from being agreeable additions, possess antiseptic qualities and prevent oils from becoming rancid.—Stella Stuart in Ledger Monthly.

Vienna's Curious Law.

They have curious laws in Vienna and enforce them too. Marie Friedl and Felix, aged 15 and 13 years respectively, were walking along a street in the Austrian capital when they came across an old woman staggering along under the weight of a heavy package. Moved by pity, they offered to carry it for the old woman, a proposition to which she readily assented. The kind-hearted children had not gone far before they were arrested by a policeman for carrying parcels without a license. The children were taken to a police station, where the officer in charge lectured them upon the enormity of the offense. They were kept under arrest for six hours and then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of "messengers" in Vienna, to which a municipal statute grants the exclusive right of "carrying" inside the city. The boy and girl had violated the law by carrying the old woman's burden, and under such an interpretation of the statute a man who carries a package for a woman with whom he is walking may be "run in" by the first policeman who sees him.—New York Press.

Women of Today.

What is there that the modern woman does not do excepting household work? She is a physician, a surgeon, a trained nurse and does not shrink from going to the front in the tumult of war. She is a farmer, a stock raiser, an expert in cattle and horseflesh. She is a stenographer, an expert bookkeeper. She keeps store, conducts and owns hotels. She is a dentist, a hairdresser, a barber.

She still holds her own trade of dress-making and millinery, although man has gone into these formerly exclusively feminine fields and, moreover, has competed with her and "beaten her all hollow" at cookery.

The piano, the violin, "culture," business and "aspirations" have done sad work with woman as a cook, and in spite of the lectures and also the schools and all the practical demonstrations it is to be doubted whether woman is doing very much to retrieve her lost ground in the kitchen.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Turkish Women Boating.

One of the few amusements of which Turkish women may avail themselves in summer is the boating on the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia on Fridays and Saturdays. These two rivers are crowded in the winter with graceful catamarans, which carry only two pleasure seekers and require a special boatman. It is a brilliant sight, for the ornaments appear in white costumes, with silk or satin zouave jackets embroidered in gold and silver. Since the dress of the women permits little variety of color, they give vent to their love of brilliant hues in the parasols which they carry even after sunset. Only two of the catamarans now retain the traditional furnishings of a carpet or piece of embroidery trailing in the water on both sides of the boat.

A-TALE OF TWO DOGS

REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF CANINE AFFECTION AND GRIEF.

The Strategy That Was Used by a Skye Terrier to Induce a Long Lost Playmate to Go Home With Him. Bleach Was a Wise Dog.

A good many years ago I lived in a house that stood on a bluff overlooking the Hudson and about a quarter of a mile back from the river. The tracks of the Hudson River railroad ran at the foot of our place.

The following incidents, which happened at that time and place, bear upon the question as to whether animals will sometimes kill themselves from grief. They relate to a Scotch terrier, one of the wisest and canniest that ever cocked an intelligent eye out of an ugly face, of the name of Bleach, but called Bleach. His wily coat being of a dingy cross between white and tan, the nickname fitted him well.

Bleach belonged to us neither by right of gift nor purchase, but of his own free will he chose to come to live at our stable in the train of a horse, an old friend of his, that my father had bought for me. Bleach hung about the stable, followed Billy, my horse, when I rode and slept in Billy's stall at night.

One day my sisters drove out to pay some visits, and I followed the carriage on horseback, Bleach, as usual, at Billy's heels. One of the visits was at the house of the horse's and dog's former master. I did not dismount, but while my sisters were in the house I had ample opportunity to watch a curious scene. The stable stood at a short distance from the house, and suddenly from out the stable door rushed a pondeuscript little yellow dog, who greeted Bleach with every sign of recognition and delight. To my surprise, that usually grave gentleman responded to his greeting with equal warmth, and even Billy showed through whinies and playful nips at the dogs as they circled round him that he, too, recognized an old friend.

As I knew that our coachman had been in the employ of the gentleman before whose house we waited, I rode up to the carriage and asked him why the little yellow dog was so glad to see us.

"That, miss," said he, "is Dandy, and when I worked for Mr. — then two dogs was always together, and both of them slept in Billy's stall."

"Well," thought I, "when we ride away we shall see which of his friends Bleach loves best." But I reckoned without Bleach.

At that moment my sisters emerged from the house, entered the carriage and drove off. I followed slowly, looking back to see how Bleach would settle the question. I could see by the glint of his eye that he also took in the situation, but he never let on—not he. Rebounding the enthusiasm of his gambols, he gradually increased their circle until the lawn was traversed, the gate cleared and the unsuspecting Dandy fairly launched upon the highroad.

A good quarter of a mile lay behind us before Dandy's conscience awoke. He suddenly stood stock still, his tail, indeed, his whole being—drooped. He turned about and began trotting homeward. The day seemed lost for Bleach. But, no! In this emergency the force of his character and the depth of his will displayed themselves. Springing in front of Dandy, he blocked the way and while his whole body was down to the stump that served him for a tail, quivering with excitement, challenged his long lost friend with giddy barks to another romp. Dandy wavered, but his ears pricked up, and his dejected tail assumed a more jaunty angle. In another moment he was racing in the direction which the carriage had taken scruples thrown to the winds.

This struggle between Dandy's conscience and Bleach's will occurred at widening intervals in the two miles that lay between Mr. —'s house and our front gate. As we neared the latter Bleach put on an extra spurt of speed and rushed Dandy through across the lawn and up to the front door. Then the little yellow dog seemed to come to his senses. He stared blankly at the door and in another moment would have run away. But in this crisis I became Bleach's ally. Jumping from the saddle, I threw open the door and invited both dogs to walk in. Once within, Bleach's whole manner changed. From playmate he turned to host. He led Dandy from room to room and showed him the sights. A pier glass rather fazed them for a moment, but Bleach led up to it with a swagger, as if he were saying, "Oh, this is nothing, a mere trifle." And both dogs looked at themselves in the glass. No one would have thought from Bleach's actions that it was the first time that he himself had ever been in the house. I brought a bowl of milk and set it before them. Dandy finished.

After the meal I saw them head their way toward the stable, which from that time was their headquarters, both sleeping at night in Billy's stall. They were inseparable, and one was rarely seen without the other.

This state of things lasted for about two years. Then one summer's day Bleach came home from a hunt alone. Dandy never came back. Bleach moped about the stable for a week or more; then he, too, disappeared.

On the following day some boys came to tell us that his body was lying crushed across the railroad tracks at the foot of our place. Now, Bleach was a wise dog and knew as well as any man what would happen if he stretched himself across a rail. The inference, therefore, seems to be that grief over the loss of his companion led the lonely little fellow to seek death—Forest and Stream.

ONE PHASE OF MANIA.

The Fear of Space Is as Real as Any Other Kind of Fear.

"But speaking of manias," said an observant citizen, "several years ago I had occasion to study the most singular case of dread that I ever saw in my life, and it was the case, too, of a man whose personal history and whose great genius would be far more interesting than this single peculiarity. But I shall refrain from any minute reference to the man or to the part he played in life. He is a poet and is known from one end of the country to the other for the brilliance of his verse. Wherever there is a gathering of Bohemians he is quoted quite as often as Omar, and in fact some of his lines are more popular in this country than any of the catchy bits of Bohemianism that are found in the Rubaiyat.

"He used to come to my office very often, and there was a mutual friend who had an office just under mine. My friend's office was in the basement, and there was a rather dark stairway that led down to it. As often as he would come to my office he would ask me to show him the way to the office of my friend, and I would do so. I would go nearly to the top of the steps with him. He would pause, gaze down the long stairway as if half alarmed and then walk out the hallway to the street. The first time I paid no attention to the matter, as I thought he had just changed his mind or that he just wanted to learn where the office was in order to call some other time. But my suspicion was aroused when he kept on asking me where the office of our friend was, so I made up my mind to make a close study of the matter and waited probably a week before my friend, the poet, called again. When he had concluded his talk with me, he turned to me and asked that I show him the way to the office of our friend. I was glad to do it in order to observe more closely his conduct. He went through the usual performance, failing to go down the stairway.

"I went to a physician," the narrator continued, "who made a specialty of peculiar things in a psychological way and told him how strangely the poet had acted. The last time I had gone to the stairway with him he seemed to linger longer than usual, and his face wore a frantic cast as he looked down the long, dark stairway. The physician immediately classified the mental derangement and told me that he had never seen a case of it and would like to meet the poet in order to conduct an experiment. He said it was a fear of space and gave me the technical name for it, but this is unimportant. The physician told me that it was a rare mental disease and manifested itself in different ways. But a general symptom was found in a fear of dark places.

"The fact is," the physician said, "that men afflicted in this way are afraid that they will be swallowed up by some great and bottomless chasm, and no doubt our poet friend believed that if he had ventured down the dark stairway which led to the office of his friend he would have stepped off of the earth, and as he was not ready to quit the world, he did not go."

"After this the physician met the poet, and he told me of a number of interesting experiments he had made with him and said there was no question about the correctness of his first diagnosis. It was a case of fear of space, and after the poet is gone, if the physician survives him, he will probably regale his scientific brethren with a rather interesting record taken from the life of one of America's great poets."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Scolding Under Difficulties.

At a church gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a cup of coffee to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops on his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return.

One of the guests, who had noticed this little byplay, slyly slipped out a bit of paper and, penciling something on it, handed it to a friend.

This is what the latter read:

"No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return:

"Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. If he doesn't look, he doesn't get scolded."

Children and Theaters.

I think even if I could be sure of having an entirely exceptional play presented each week I should shrink from having my children grow used to their presentation, says The American Mother. I have a young girl friend who has been to the theater a great deal with a careful father. He believes he allows only such plays as will help to educate her morally and spiritually. Yet the young girl's goodness told me the other evening that it has become impossible to interest her charge in any practical work for humanity. She has been educated at the theater, and people who are in great distress or great sorrow seem to her almost like puppets posing for her entertainment, playing their part. Occasionally her taste is even offended because they don't do it more artistically. I want my children to come in contact with real instead of mimic life.

Not on the Programme.

From Michigan comes the story of a man who stopped at a newspaper office on his way to the theater and placed an advertisement for a boy. Half an hour later one fell from the gallery into his lap.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. L.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles E. Oliver, P. C.; Willis B. Mathes, N. C.; Robert M. Herrick, V. C.; Frank E. Abbott, H. P.; William H. Hampshire, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanscom, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R. H. E. Dow, T. I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 3, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each month.

Officers—Harry Hersum, C.; William P. Gardner, V. C.; Edward E. Voudy, S. Ex.; George D. Richardson, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Willis Brooks Ind.; Arthur Parham, E.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Albert G. Stimpson, N. G.; Frederick B. Higgins, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

Needs Re-covering, Perhaps? YOUR SOFA, COUCH OR CHAIR MADE GOOD AS NEW!

Mattress Work a Specialty. Couches and Odd Pieces Made to Order. All Work Guaranteed.

Upholstering in All Its Branches F. A. ROBBINS

49 Islington Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Remember I can supply you with any goods in the line at a very low price, and my prices are a guarantee for the quality of the work. References: John E. Hart, Rockingham National Bank, and A. N. Wells, Market St. Orders may be left at J. B. Teaton's, 87 Congress St. Drop a postal and I will call and make estimates.

A Whisky Train. The various jobbing houses in the east are now prepared to fill orders for the Famous Fine Old KY. TAYLOR WHISKY.

The largest shipment of Whisky in cases in the history of the Wine and Spirit trade has just arrived in Boston from the distillers, WRIGHT & TAYLOR, Louisville, Ky. This shipment consisted of four carloads (a small train) of the Fine Old KY. TAYLOR WHISKY, containing 2025 cases, and an advance car containing 250 cases, a total of 2275 cases. For May orders and more information, apply to the following:

T. Connor Co., Boston, 500 cases	C. L. Richardson & Co., Boston, 400 cases
C. Wray & Co., " 300 "	John Lyons & Co., " 100 "
Carter, Carter & Meigs, " 100 "	Eastern Drug Co., " 100 "
M. J. Corlies Co., " 100 "	J. B. Richardson & Co., " 100 "
H. Swartz & Co., " 100 "	Miscellaneous, " 375 "

R. H. Hirschfield, 31 Doane St. Boston, New England Agent.
Trade and Families Supplied by the Globe Grocery Company.

Mahogany Polish.

A mahogany polish that is highly recommended is prepared by mixing well together one-quarter of a pint each of turpentine, linseed oil, alcohol and vinegar. Put in a bottle and shake before using. The furniture should be cleaned first with a soft dandelion and a little of the mixture applied at a time. When well rubbed in, polish with an old silk handkerchief.

Precious Stones.

The heaviest precious stone is the zircon, which is four and a half times heavier than an equal quantity of water; the lightest is the opal, only twice as heavy as water.

Clouds and Temperature.

With a clear sky the temperature 1,000 feet above the earth is 6 degrees lower than at the surface, with a cloudy sky 4 degrees only.

Sunny Days.

In New York city on the average 64 per cent of the daylight hours are sunny. In Rome the figure is 55 per cent, in Madrid 45, in Vienna 38, in Berlin 39, in St. Petersburg 35 and in London 23.

Poisonous Celery.

It is said that celery as a wild plant in English marshes is a deadly poison.

Carpet Rags.

In coloring carpet rags don't use more dye than is absolutely necessary to get the color you want. The superfluous dye rots the rags and is given off in dust that ties when the carpet is being worn and afterward when it is swept.

Shipping.

One ton of steam shipping equals four of sailing shipping—that is to say, a steamer can carry four times as much cargo any given distance in a year as a sailing ship can.

Rice as a Food.

It has been positively ascertained by expert chemical analysis that rice contains more nutritive elements than any other grain. It will sustain life better and longer than any other cereal, a fact well known throughout the eastern countries from time immemorial.

The Purest Chinese.

The purest Chinese is spoken at Nankin and is called "the language of the mandarins."

Poor Living.

The income of a poor farmer or regular laborer's family in Italy seldom exceeds \$125 a year.

A Lost Bridge.

Some scientists believe that in the Chellan epoch, which ended 100,000 years ago, Europe and America were connected by a way of the British Isles, the Faeroes, Iceland and Greenland. Since then the great waters have washed away or submerged this stupendous bridge.

Professional Cards.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,

Residence, 98 State St.

Office, 26 Congress St.

Portsmouth, N. H.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 7:30 to 10 Evenings

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Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 7:30 to 9 P. M.

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Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 7:30 to 9 P. M.

BOSTON & MAINE R.R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Summer Arrangement, In Effect June 24.

Trains Leave Portsmouth.
For Boston, 3:50, 7:30, 7:55, 8:15, 10:05, 11:05 a.m., 1:55, 3:21, 3:05, 5:00, 6:35, 7:25 p.m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00 a.m., 2:21, 5:00 p.m.
For Portland, 7:35, 9:55, 10:45 a.m., 2:45, 8:50, 11:20 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a.m., 5:50, 11:20 p.m.
For Wells Beach, 7:35, 9:55 a.m., 2:45, 5:20 p.m. Sunday, 8:30 a.m.
For Old Orchard and Portland, 7:35, 9:55 a.m., 2:45, 5:22 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a.m.
For North Conway, 6:55, 11:16 a.m., 3:00 p.m.
For Somersworth, 4:50, 7:35, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 2:40, 3:40, 5:22, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 8:30 a.m., 1:30, 5:00 p.m.
For Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 2:40, 3:40, 5:22, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 5:00 p.m.
For Dover, 4:50, 7:35, 9:45 a.m., 12:25, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a.m., 1:30, 5:00, 5:52 p.m.
For North Hampton and Hampton, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 11:05 a.m., 1:38, 2:21, 5:00 p.m. Sunday, 8:00 a.m., 2:21, 5:00, 6:35 p.m.
Trains for Portsmouth.
Leave Boston, 6:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:40, 10:10, 11:20 a.m., 1:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 9:45 p.m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a.m., 6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p.m.
Leave Portland, 2:00, 9:00 a.m., 12:45, 1:40, 6:00 p.m. Sunday, 2:00 a.m., 12:45 p.m.
Leave North Conway, 7:25, 10:40 a.m., 3:15 p.m.
Leave Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a.m., 12:49, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 7:00 a.m.
Leave Somersworth, 6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a.m., 1:02, 5:44 p.m. Sunday, 12:30, 4:12, 6:58 p.m.
Leave Dover, 6:55, 8:10, 10:24 a.m., 1:40, 4:25, 6:30, 9:20 p.m. Sunday, 7:30 a.m., 12:45, 4:25, 9:20 p.m.
Leave Hampton, 7:59, 9:22, 11:58 a.m., 2:13, 4:26, 5:59, 6:16 p.m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06 a.m., 8:09 p.m.
Leave North Hampton, 8:02, 9:28, 12:04 a.m., 2:19, 4:31, 5:05, 6:21 p.m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12 a.m., 8:15 p.m.
Leave Greenland, 8:08, 9:35 a.m., 12:13, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27 p.m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18 a.m., 8:20 p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 7:32, 8:30 a.m.; 12:45, 5:25 p.m. Sunday \$5.20 p.m.
Rochester, 7:40, 8:39 a.m.; 12:54, 5:33 p.m. Sunday \$5.20 p.m.
Sackville Junction, 7:52, 8:07 a.m.; 1:07, 5:58 p.m. Sunday \$5.52 p.m.
Plymouth, 8:05, 9:22 a.m.; 1:21, 6:14 p.m. Sunday, \$6.08 p.m.
Lyndhurst, 8:17, 9:32 a.m.; 1:32, 6:25 p.m. Sunday, \$6.18 p.m.
Turning leave
Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a.m.; 12:50, 3:30 p.m. Sunday, \$7.25 a.m.
Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a.m.; 3:20, 4:20 p.m. Sunday, \$8.10 a.m.
Lyndhurst, 9:10, 11:48 a.m.; 3:56, 5:02 p.m. Sunday, \$8.55 a.m.
Plymouth, 9:22 a.m.; 12:00 m.; 4:08, 5:15 p.m. Sunday 9:07 a.m.
Sackville Junction, 9:47 a.m., 12:17, 4:24, 5:55 p.m. Sunday, \$9.27 a.m.
Rochester, 10:01 a.m., 12:29, 4:58, 6:08 p.m. Sunday, \$9.41 a.m.
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Dover, Lawrence, Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Dover, Exeter, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Montreal and the west. North Hampton only.
Monday only July 8—Sept. 1 inc.
Sunday only July 7—Sept. 1 inc.
Saturday only July 6—Aug 31 inc.
Information given, through ticket agent and baggage checked to all points at the station.

ARK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Trains leave Portsmouth, 7:50, 11:20 a.m., 12:45, 3:07, 4:55, 6:45 p.m.
York Beach, 6:46, 9:50 a.m., 12:10, 1:25, 4:10, 6:50 p.m.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. T. & P. A.

PORTSMOUTH, KITTERY & YORK STREET R.R.

Spring Arrangement, 1901.

Trains leave Portsmouth and arrive, making close connections with Electric cars.
Trains leave P. K. & Y. landing, Portsmouth, for Kittery, Kittery Point, Portsmouth, 6:55, 7:25, 7:55, 8:25, 8:55, 9:55, 10:25, 10:55, 11:25, 11:55 a.m., 12:25, 1:55, 2:25, 2:55, 3:25, 4:25, 4:55, 5:25, 5:55, 6:25, 6:55, 7:25, 7:55, 8:25, 8:55, 9:25, 9:55, 10:25, 10:55 p.m.
For York Corner, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6:55, 7:55, 9:55, 10:55, 11:55 a.m.; 12:55, 1:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 7:55, 9:55 p.m.
Trains leave Sea Point for Portsmouth—7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.
Trains leave York Beach for Portsmouth—6:55, 7:55, 9:55, 10:55, 11:55 a.m.; 12:55, 1:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 7:55, 9:55 p.m.
Trains leave Portsmouth on week days except the first boat leaves Ferry Point, Portsmouth, at 7:55 a.m., and car leaves York Beach at 7:30 a.m. For special and extra carfare address W. G. Mallock, Gen. Manager.

TRIBESMEN PEACEABLE

Taft Commission Visits Hills of Luzon.

TRAVELED HUNDREDS OF MILES.

Had Only Five Soldiers as Escort and Was Everywhere Cordially Welcomed—Found American Miners and Lumbermen.

Manila, June 26.—Messrs. Worcester and Moses of the Philippine commission have returned from a tour of the districts of Benguet and Lepanto, Batangas province, where they interviewed the tribesmen and made a general study of conditions.

They found the province peaceful. They rode 250 miles through the mountains with five soldiers and were welcomed cordially everywhere. They encountered several American miners and lumbermen. The former complained that they were handicapped by the provisions of the Spooner amendment and absence of license to use blasting explosives.

The commissioners found that the hillsman have no desire to participate in the government of the province, preferring present conditions to remain undisturbed. In the towns, however, they found a progressive element which desires the establishment of a district on lines similar to that of Benguet.

The commissioners were much incensed by their tour and speak enthusiastically of the northern climate despite the presence of the rainy season. They encountered a typhoon while they were camped on a mountain top.

General MacArthur, military governor of the Philippines, has issued an order declaring the ports of Boac, Santa Cruz, Tortijos and Gazan, island of Marinduque, open to the coasting trade and allowing clearances to and from said ports to all coasting vessels applying for the same. This action was taken, General MacArthur said, because the military condition which required the closing of these ports no longer exists.

Shot Two and Himself.

Hagerstown, Md., June 26.—William Grant, a Cumberland Valley railroad locomotive engineer, shot and killed Yard Master Jacob H. Fuller and Policeman Florio and was himself fatally wounded by Flora as he fell. Grant, who had been 20 years in the service of the railroad, was discharged on the report of Yard Master Fuller. A meeting between Grant, Fuller and Freight Agent S. H. Long to talk over the matter of Grant's discharge was arranged. When the men met, Grant, without warning, fired four shots into Fuller, who died an hour later, and then shot at Long, but the bullet only grazed his head. Policeman Florio came running up, and Grant shot him through the heart, killing him almost instantly. As he fell Flora fired a bullet into Grant's abdomen, inflicting a wound from which he cannot recover.

Killed Ex-Chief of Police.

Seattle, June 26.—John W. Considine, one of the promoters of the Standard gambling house and the People's theater, shot and killed ex-Chief of Police W. L. Meredith. The shooting occurred in a drug store in the heart of the city. Considine also was slightly wounded in the head by a ball from a double barreled shotgun in Meredith's hands. The stories of the shooting are conflicting, and it cannot be said who was the aggressor. The men had threatened to shoot on sight, and both were prepared for trouble. The drug store at the time of the shooting was crowded with people, and one bystander was shot through the arm by a stray bullet.

Riot in Findlay, O.

Findlay, O., June 26.—Because a section gang on the Baltimore and Ohio tore up a newly paved street at North Baltimore a general riot followed. A mob of about 200, comprising many merchants and prominent people, charged the workmen and drove them from the street, pelting them with stones and clubs. A guard was left, but in a short time the workmen again went to work. This time the citizens forced issues, pulled the village hand fire engine to the scene and played several streams of water on the workmen. A renewal of hostilities is promised if the railroad insists on laying its tracks on the forbidden ground.

Victim of Son-in-Law Dead.

Hingham, N. Y., June 26.—Daniel Minturn, 80 years old, of Newfield, who was assaulted by James Churchill a week ago Sunday, has died as a result of his injuries. He is the second victim of Churchill, who assaulted and killed his wife, Minnie Churchill, Minturn's daughter, at the same time. Minturn ever since the crime has hovered between life and death. Churchill is still a prisoner at the county jail. He has recovered from the effects of self administered poison.

Leaped to Death From Train.

Stroudsburg, Pa., June 26.—Miss S. B. Spring of New York, who leaped from a train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad near here last Thursday, died from her injuries in the hospital last night. Miss Spring had been suffering with nervous trouble and was en route to the sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y., attended by a companion.

Buffalo Girl to Marry a Count.

Buffalo, June 26.—The wedding of Count Francis Joseph von Larisch of Austria, a nephew of the emperor of Austria, and Miss Marie Satterfield, daughter of the late John Satterfield, the Standard Oil magnate, will take place at the Satterfield home in Delaware avenue tomorrow afternoon.

TWO CHARIOTS.

This is the chariot known as Fate, and these are the horses thereof. They are known as Fate, Amittion and Surit, and the wind is not more true. They are carrying the vast arena of life, and their goal is Destiny.

And who is it that rides so swift away, oh, who may the driver be? From above his face through the clouds of dust; look and your eyes will see the form of a daring rider there, and his name is Destiny.

Now, these are the horses black as night, and the driver there is he; they feel the pitiless lash of pride as onward they swiftly flee. For he seeks the glittering goal beyond, the goal that is Destiny.

But look, where another chariot goes and drawn by horses three; their driver he drives with a gentle hand, and Love his name shall be. For these horses the driver are Faith and Hope, and the third is Charity.

While as the team that wets their lips are Love's swift horses three; they, too, are rounding the course of life toward the goal that is Destiny.

But they trample no race under their feet, and none from their pathway flee. Where Ennity's chariot wheels have been a burning track shall be. While Love looks back with a lingering smile that all who will may see. For Ennity rides with a fierce desire, but Love shall the victor be. —Arthur Lewis Tibbels in Town and Country.

HOW JACOB SERVED SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL.

A Story of Virginia.

BY LAURA FITZ-HUGH PRESTON.

"Uncle Bob," called Miss Lucy on the occasion of the old man's daily visit to the "big house," came into the garden with me while I look after my roses.

Out into the warm winter sunshine they passed, pretty, trim Lucy and gaunt, tottering old Uncle Bob, bent with the weight of the old century and well nigh fallen under the increasing pressure of the new.

The old man looked around over the green sweep of lawn, the magnificent water oaks and magnolias that shaded the broad avenue to the gate and the roses, roses everywhere, growing so stably in groups, daintily apart, blooming riot over trellises, draping verandas and holding high carnival of color.

Miss Lucy ran hither and thither with her snipping scissors.

"Honey," Uncle Bob remarked, following after Miss Lucy as well as his old legs could keep step with her young flitting, "I done told you, didn't I, 'bout my wearin' disha crape on my hat an' goin' in mornin' six weeks foh de queen, isn't it?"

Here the old man removed his antiquated headgear and fingered caressingly the rusty band of crape that adorned the crown.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Bob, you did; also you told me some lovely things about the Prince of Wales' visit over here 'somewhere in sixties, when you and grandpa were on the committee to meet his royal highness on the occasion of his visit to Richmond, and how a lovely lady dropped a rose over a balcony and how it hit the prince kerplunk on his royal face, and how that lady was introduced to his royal highness, and being called by him the 'Virginia Rose,' retained that name ever after, and how, clasping her hands and smiling still, but with a little moisture dimming her bright eyes that 'lovely lady' was my own dear mother. Oh, yes, Uncle Bob, you told your story well, and I honor you for going into mourning for the queen for six weeks. Don't you, Tom?"

To that young man, who suddenly appeared on the scene, hands in pocket and whistling as usual.

"Why, yes," answered Tom, shaking hands cordially with old Uncle Bob, although he has seen his familiar visage every day since his earliest recollection, rain or shine, on his daily pilgrimage from his "pen an' tater patch" up to the "big house." "Uncle Bob, being a scion of royalty, is entitled to wear the trappings of woe, though you seem to have waded pretty heavily in the mire of affliction," pointing to the unstained folds of the rusty crape.

"Dat's a fact, Marse Tom," Uncle Bob rejoined in a satisfied assent. "Becky sew disha crape on foh me. Miss Lucy, chille," turning his hat round and admiring its proportions from various standpoints, "is I ever tole you 'bout de veil dat disha crape come of?"

Uncle Bob cleared his throat, squinted one weak old eye up at the sun, gave it up as a bad job and came back to earth with a reminiscent smile.

"It was disha way—Foh Gawd's sake, Miss Lucy," intercepted a wicked glance of anticipated enjoyment which passed between Lucy and Tom, "isn't you neber gwine to larn how to keep quiet an' stop larnin'? I 'clar to gracious—"

"I'm quiet now, Uncle Bob," from Lucy, who has drawn her mouth down at the corners. "Do go on. I'm dying to hear about that crape."

"Wellum, as I were sayin, hit 'was disha away. You see, me an' Becky bin goin' wid each yother foh de longes," an hit des 'peach lek I couldn' mek up my min' to speak de whods dat Becky 'low afterwards she des plinnly dyin' to heah. 'Spec' I uns' er bin mo' shame-laden den den dem days," said Uncle Bob bashfully. "An dat de reason I des kep' puttin' de mattah off. 'T' any rate, now, Miss Lucy," drawing himself up with an air of injured dignity, "I des ain' goin' to tell you no' no' of yo' cyarn' stop mekin fun ob ole Unc' Bob. But neber min', honey," smiling reassuringly on his beloved young mistress in response to her eager disclaimer, "yo' don' mean no harm. Yo' cyarn' 'be' bein' young an' foolish. Well," drawing a long breath, "de mattah kep' a-goin' on foh day ter day, an ob-

beknowin' to me—I sho' is speakin' de truff, Miss Lucy—Becky," she were a-plinn an' a-plinn foh some insh'ance ob my 'fection foh her, an dere was I, a-wouterin' how to git a good chance to say, 'Miss Rebecca, ma'am' (in a high, squeaky, falsetto, which convulsed Lucy and Tom) 'is you willin' to cas' in yoh lot wid mine in dishi yearthly pilgrimage? I mos' is serb' seben years foh you, lek Marse Jacob ob foh Miss Rachel, an hit gettin' pooly heahy wolk.' Still the chance neber seem to come. Marse George, he say to me, 'Bob,' he say, 'yoh is gittin' to be a pow'ful quiet cuss. What on de geurth nillin you dese days?' But I des laugh hit off an' wait on him so good twell he fohgit all 'bout de mattah in his own 'fains, 'kase Marse George doin some poety talk co'tin ob his own in dem days, an he do' seem to hab no ob-sh'ashuns tow'd yother pussen's troubles.

"Well, the days wear on, an things don' git no bettah. Me an' Marse George bote git so dumpty dat dey ain' no use talkin. Ebery time Marse George come in an des frow his boots clean 'cross de flo' I des would pinnally know dat Miss Dorothy Cyarter, on de neighborin' plantation, done been floutin in him 'gin, an my heart des would lek to bus' wid feelin so achified foh him!"

"Den Miss Rebecca," said Uncle Bob in a mincing, ironical tone, "all ob a sudden commence to gib me de flout an' a' more cursser dan eber, while to crown all she commence goin wid a yaller nigger, name Joe. Hit des 'peach lek, den, when I feels lek I hab de courage ob ten lines, dat I couldn' git no chance to pop de question to dat gal no way. She des pinnally wouldn' gib me no showin! Well, I come plum nigh dyin'!"

"Lots of times the crape would have been handy to have in the house," murmured Tom.

"I want to frow my boots 'crost de flo' like Marse George, but cullud folks' ways in 'spresso den feelin's ain' lek white folks'. I des git sow'ful an keep 'way from Becky. Meanwhile Miss Dorothy Cyarter was des habin a royal time, 'perently, wid a big crowd ob beaux always roun her, an one in spe-shul she des seem to favor. Young Mr. Howard, he des be wid her twell after while she don' 'peah to hab eyes foh nobody else. Marse George des seem to drap to de groun' lek a ripe pussimmon an lay on notice' at heh perty feet. He git moodier an moodier ebery day when he was at home, dough he commence goin roun wid de yother young ladies in de neighborhood, an when we go out in sociaty togedder I always notice' dat Marse George 'bout de gaves an livelies' one dere. You see, when he go to dem 'big house' parties I always go 'long an wait on Marse George. Well, bimbe Marse George begn to pay 'tention to a perty young lady visitin at ole Major Thorndy's, an hit soon look like Miss Dorothy's pass out ob Marse George's min'. De 'vision seem complete, an I see ole miss, Marse George's mother, 'peah to worry a heap ober de way 'rents done tuh out, dough she don' say nuffin."

"Well, one day Marse George des come in f'om a ride, an he walks up in de piazza an frow hisse' down on a bench, while he look crost de fields. An his face when he didn' fought nobody was lookin had a trouble', wishful spression on it. I was stan'in by, holdin de mare, while Black Sam rub down her legs, kase Marse George rid hard dat day, an de fine creetur stood trim'in an covered wid sweat, dough I mus' say Marse George was in gen'el des es tender ob horseflesh or foh de mattah ob dat, of eberything in de brute creation."

"Well, d'reckly up de long avenue a boy come a-gallopin. 'Bob,' he call to me, 'Cunnd Cyarter done struck wid de apoplexy.' An den he des drap off'n his horse. Marse George overhear. He walk up to dat horse, white to de lips, frow hisse' in de saddle an des ob lek de wind!"

"Well, well, honey," went on Uncle Bob, drawing a withered hand over his misty old eyes, "dem was sho' sad times. Fo' little Miss Dorothy neber leave her father's side till he brave his las' breff, an hit lek to kilt her, dey say. She was de onlies' chille an her father's pet, an de whole neighborhood felt so'f foh her. She was ill foh de longes' an neber see no pussen all dat time. Marse George des eat his heart out an walk de piazza twell hit 'peah lek de birds would drap f'om, an I 'spec' he ain' slep' none clean up to de fun'ral. But he ain' neber see her yet. She ain' lek' her room. An all dat time he ain' sent her no message kuse dey was sich a breach 'tween 'em dat hit needed mo'n a woid to heal. He went oval to de house an help wid de 'range' mepts ob de fun'ral, but Miss Dorothy neber seem to know dat, bein as she so ill in her room up stairs."

"An all dat time dat no 'count gal Becky des play wid me lek a cat wid a mouse, an ebery time I gits wid her she des tuh'n off all my questions twell I des plinn 'stracted. An go wid dat yaller nigger! I 'clar to gracious," said Uncle Bob, with rising resentment, "I 'spises a yaller nigger to disha day lek I does a yaller dog."

"Wellum, things boun' to come to a criserius in disha woid," so dese 'vents come to pass: One day ole miss, who bin goin' back an f'ort wid Miss Cyarter an Miss Dorothy in delr trouble, come up to Marse George an say:

"George, my son, Mrs. Cyarter would like yo' to meet Mr. Morse at her house dis afternoon. An den she went on to say som'pln 'bout some papers dat de cunnel had 'leff' what needed some lawyer to look after den (I don' know 'nuff 'bout mattahs of den kin' to 'splain 'jackly what, but den don' mek no diff'ence. Hit was on some kin' ob bizness or 'nother, an Marse George bin sebr'al times ober to de house hel'p in de settlement ob de cunnel's 'fairs, dough he ain' neber yet see Miss Dorothy. An ole miss go on to say, 'Ap, George, will yo' kindly,

give dis to Dorothy from me? f'ollin up a black crape mohnin' vell an hand in it to him, lettin on lek she thought dey would des matchally meet. 'She is up today, I think,' ole miss add, wid a kin' ob diff'ence. 'Dat poor Dolly ought to git de fresh air, an a drive would do her a woid ob good, poove girl!'"

"Where is Howard, den?" Marse George ask, wid a scowl, an why des he not take her out now ef she is able to go? Do yo' want me to force myself on Dorothy, lek a bird of evil omen, wid a crape veil? An he laugh, an it soon mo' 'hah-shan dan I der heah Marse George laugh. "No, nother; I'll go, certainly, an after' to Mrs. Cyarter's business; but as for any personal messages, dat is Bob. Sen 'em by him."

"Oh, George," ole miss say, wid a kin' ob sob, 'how hard yo' are still on poor Dorothy. If yo' could but see her!' while ober Marse George's face dere pass a spression ob terrible pain foh a minute; den he answer:

"I am not hard on her. I am sincerely grieved foh her, God knows. But she does not love me—no—as ole miss start to brek in here. 'No, nother, yo' need say nothin, an den he went on an some kinda talk 'bout Miss Dorothy neber hab lub him, dat she choose anudder in preffence to hisse', an he warn' goin to f'ore hisse' in heh p'ssance an add to de out-happiness she suffer'n f'om, by anythink what would mek her beerrin' ob der pas' relations to's each yother. 'When dey has to meet,' he say, 'hit will be time 'nuff.'"

"But dough he say all disha wid a mighty high saun', he sigh at de same time, an his face look so haggard dat de tears displytally run down ole miss' face, an she walk up to him an put heh alms roun his neck an kiss him. Den she say, 'Go, my son, an she add som'pln 'bout she know he not gwine refuse his ole mother's request' to cally de veil to Miss Dorothy hisse' f'om heh. An she press de package in his han' an go off quick to heh own room. Marse George stood an study foh de longes', an den all ob a sudden he order his horse an cyarn' hardly wait twell hit come up, den d'ing hisse' in de saddle an gallop off like de win'. Now, de res' what happen after Marse George to'f I heah afterwards f'om Becky, kase she was ober at Miss Dorothy's at de time, waitin on her, an Becky des lub de groun' 'leette Miss Dolly' walk on, an dat's de truff."

"Miss Dolly was a settin in her perty 'bureau draw' (I believe dat was what dey call dem little parlors in dem days), wid all her beau'ful hair hangin ober her shoufers, an Becky was des breshin it out an talkin to her an tryin to hearthen her up when de serbant announce 'Marse George Fitzhugh,' an befo' Miss Dolly could eben stan up dere stood Marse George befo' her in de do'way, white an strange lookin."

"Honey," said Uncle Bob, breaking off in an aggravating way just at this crisis to digress, "in dem days when dey was a fuss 'twixt young lovers peoles was more perverse in deir ways, an, habin less freedom ob talk den dey do in dese days, hit 'peached harder to mek up. An but foh ole miss' request' to Marse George disha trouble mout er gone on un'p' tel foh de longes'."

"Oh, do go on, Uncle Bob!" groaned Miss Lucy.

"Wellum," resumed the story teller, "dere stood Marse George in de do'way, white an strange lookin."

"Dorothy," he say, 'mother sends yo'. But he neber got no farther. Miss Dolly befo' she had time to think des de minute she set eyes on him des runned up to him, an he barely hab time to catch heh in his arms. She nessed heh perty hard on his breast' des lek de dove comin back to de ark f'om crost de weary waters."

"George," she sigh, des lek de summer whin', 'I knew yo'd come.' "Sweetheart," whisper Marse George after awhile, 'dat blessed veil!'"

"What vell, George," laugh Miss Dolly through heh tears, an den Becky pick hit up of'n de do', an foh de fus time dey is 'ware ob heh presence."

Here Uncle Bob halted again and gazed abroad over the fair face of nature with his misty, farseeing old eyes, stroking one trembling hand softly down the back of the other in a redemptive manner, while Miss Lucy urged impatiently, "Do go on, Uncle Bob, please." "Wellum, den Becky fix up Miss Dorothy, an she an Marse George go out foh a drive. Me an ole miss des wait at home, an 'bout dusk Marse George come in."

"All right, George? old miss say. 'All right, mother, thank God,' Marse George say, kissin' heh on de cheek. 'Den I follow him up to his room an ax him: 'Marse George, please, sir, lenne dat mohnin' vell dat patch up de woid 'tween yo' an Miss Dorothy. I feels call on to use hit mysself.' Marse George hart twell de tears came in his eyes, an he say:

"All right, again, Bob. It seems a sacrilege to do so, but de end 'peahs to justify de means. Here it is,' handin de ve de vell roll' up in paper. 'Miss Dolly sent it back to mother.'"

"Miss Lucy," said Uncle Bob in an important manner, "maybe yo' wouldn't b'liebe me, but I des frow dat veil ober my alim an walk into Miss Rebecca's presence f'or my cou'age hab time to cool off."

"Miss Rebecca," I say, 'disha de mohnin' vell Marse George tuk to Miss Dolly disha evenin'."

"Dat ain' no news to me," Becky say, tossin dem plats ob her'n. "I now brings dat veil to yo', Miss Rebecca," I sez, feelin de con'age tried klu down my back."

"What in de name ob Gawd does yo' 'spose I wants wid a mohnin' vell? Becky screeched out in a kin' ob passion. 'Yo' is des lek a ole ghoul!'"

"Wid dat I des plinnly get so outdind an f'ulous wid Becky dat I des frow dat veil on the flo' an mighty nigh stomp on hit, an I loses my skeer ob her 'nuff to boiler out:"

"I didn't 'spec' yo' hab eyes to see f'roo a milestone, but I did thought yo'

hab sense 'nuff to see daylight f'roo disha vell! An heah I bin serbin foh yo' des lek Marse Jacob serb foh Miss Rachel all dese heah years!"

"An yo' kin des go on serbin de res' ob yo' life, ef yo' keep on mekin lek yo' bin doin ob late, an den' got de apuk ob a'—Becky matter out an den ketch herself an stop."

"Den I begins to see daylight f'roo dat vell, an I answers Becky:

"Spunk! Who say dat woid to me? Is dat de quality what bin lackin all dese heah years? Why, Becky, I des pinnally was a-thinkin dat de way to a woman's heart was to serb foh heh in patience lek Marse Jacob ob foh Miss Rachel, but I 'clar to gracious I bin 't'in to too heahy wuk foh disha gent'ration. An I ain' gwine wait no longer foh my answer. I done stop all dat serbin bizness. Yo' heah me, den? Yo'!"

"An I des tell yo' right heah, Bob! Becky say, an she hart till we bote draps dat ar vell an begins to ketch hule ob each yother's han's."

"I des plinnly 'low dat I neber is gwine wait no seben years foh de bus' pussen dat walk de face ob de yearth. Jacob's a fool—'scuse me—kase he bin such a on'y coward. (But Miss Lucy and Marse Tom are laughing so by this time dat Uncle Bob checked himself and bent a remonstrating glance on them both from beneath his bushy brows.)"

"But I got to go, chile; 'deed I is. Now, ole Unc' Bob cyarn' stay no longer. But I des comin up soon an tell yo' all 'bout me an Marse George's weddimes. Gawd bless you bote, chullun. Goodby."

Thus with affectionate godspeed the old man took his departure down the long avenue, through the scrub palmetto and dusty wire grass, to his 'pea tater patch,' and Becky—Becky the faithful, Becky the long suffering, the long partner of his earthly pilgrimage and the consoler of his declining years.—St. Louis Republic.

The Man on the Box.

Here is a box. In itself it is not remarkable. But a man is packing it. When man, unmarried man, packs a box, women weep.

See the man! He is not calm. He hair resembles a storm swept wheat-field. He wears no coat, and his collar has playfully broken away from the shirt stud. Upon his perspiring face is the look Napoleon used to habitually wear when he called upon his neighbors. The man has observed his sister pack boxes.

Everything fitted in so nicely that the microbes cried out that they were being suffocated, but he cannot make out how she did it.

He thrusts his hands into his pockets and makes a few remarks. But they

